

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Volume VII.

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Number 2.

Notice.

We send the first and second numbers of this volume of the SCHOLASTIC to many of our old subscribers and friends who have not yet renewed their subscription for the coming scholastic-year. We hope they will all subscribe, and thus give us the encouragement which is so agreeable and cheering. Those who do not renew their subscription between this and the mailing of the next number will be considered as not wishing to encourage us, and we shall be in the painful necessity of sorrowfully striking them off the roll.

Arrival of the Very Rev. Father General.

Very Rev. Father Sorin arrived by the Lake Shore Road, Wednesday morning, in apparently excellent health, and we hope, as glad to see us all as we are rejoiced to have him again among us. The sea voyage was long and tedious, constant headwinds lengthening out the trip to twelve days and a half, but fortunately he escaped the terrible storms that wrecked so many vessels on the coast of New Foundland.

Blessing.

A simple but at the same time deeply interesting ceremony took place on Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock. At about that hour might have been seen a number of the members of Holy Cross sitting under the shady trees which years ago were planted by good Bro. Vincent, near the Farm House, enjoying themselves in social converse, Father Granger occupying one end of one of the long benches. At a given signal, Brother Columbanus entered the old Farm House, and soon was heard the sound of the once melodious bell that of yore gave forth its peals to the plains and hillsides of Spain, and which now, perched on the roof of the first brick house erected at Notre Dame, has lost some of the full rich resonance of tone for which it may, in time to which the memory of men of the present age goes not back, have been renowned. Then, from the Professed House and the Scholasticate and College, came parties of Brothers, three or four in one group—eight or ten in another—all wending their way, across the green prairie, or along the thick hedge of the vineyard, to the old Farm House.

In all gatherings of Religious there is a spirit of gayety which would certainly surprise those who deem religion to consist in long faces and grim looks. There is a family look to the collection of Religious, as of a family all composed of Big Brothers, who seem not only capable of protecting their little brothers, but bent upon making them and themselves happy and all things serene. This is especially the

case when Father Provincial is among them. Wherever he presides, charity reigns.

When all had assembled, and after a few words had been interchanged between those just arrived and the others who had for some time been seated under shade of the trees, Father Provincial led the way to a square space entirely surrounded by a thick high cedar hedge, in the centre of which space a large white Cross had been erected upon an elevated mound. Before blessing the Cross according to the prescribed form of the ritual, Very Rev. Father Provincial, in his usual familiar, simple and pleasing style, addressed the members of the Community, stating the reason why the Cross was erected on that spot. I would like to give his words in full, but must content myself with a mere outline. He said:

"This Cross is erected upon the ground upon which stood the first chapel ever erected at Notre Dame. Forty years ago, Father Badin, the proto-priest of the United States, an indefatigable missionary, erected a log chapel for the accommodation of the Indians, who had then several camps in the neighborhood, one at Niles, another at Bertrand, another seven miles south, and one at Notre Dame. There were also a few Catholics among the white settlers around about. The building was two stories high: the upper was the chapel, and the lower one the residence of the priest. Father De Saille, a zealous, energetic young priest from Belgium, was the first to reside permanently in this mission. He was very successful in his labors, and was fairly idolized by the Indians. After years of toil, he died in the little room in which he had erected an altar to say Mass,—as the upper chapel was used only when the Indians gathered in force on Sundays and holy days of obligation. Feeling that death was drawing near, and having no one but some of his faithful Indians around him, he dragged himself to the tabernacle in which dwelt the Holy of Holies, and administered Holy Communion to himself as his Viaticum for the long journey to eternity. Then kneeling in prayer,—the bystanders looking on in wonder expecting him to die every minute,—he remained for several hours, and then his soul left its earthly tenement to appear before its Creator, Judge and Redeemer. He was buried before the altar by his mourning red children, who flocked from all sides when they heard of his death. The same humble dwelling was occupied, after an interval of one year, by Rev. Father Petit, who also was a devoted Indian missionary. He adopted the rude life of his children: he never slept in a bed, but on the bare floor or ground; and when, after he had resided here two or three years, the Government removed the Pottawatomies to Kansas, Father Petit accompanied his children. But the many hardships he had to endure on that long journey, made on horseback or afoot, were too much for him, and he died in St Louis on his return from Kansas.

When the new church—now the old brick church—was

built, Very Rev. Father General, then Provincial, had the remains of Father Petit and those of Father De Seille removed to the church, where a memorial tablet on the Epistle side of the sanctuary bears their names, with that of Rev. Father Francis Cointet, who died in 1854.

Thirty-one years ago Father Sorin brought his Community to this little dwelling. Here for some years he said Mass for his small Community and the Indians who had refused to go West. Some additional log houses were added to the original log chapel; then the brick house—now called the old Farm House—was built, and a school established, the first beginning of the University of Notre Dame; then the centre building of the old College, on the site of the present College, was erected; but for years—until 1850—the old log chapel, enlarged as the Community, Students and parishioners grew more numerous, served as the only place of Catholic worship for many miles around.

The Rev. Father then briefly drew a comparison between the old-log chapel and the first brick church,—the old Church,—and between that and the beautiful new Gothic structure, erected to our Lady of the Sacred Heart, which is majestically elevating its high tower up to the clouds; and from the comparison he drew the conclusion that all who heard him, and all the members of Notre Dame, had great reason to be grateful to God for the blessing He had bestowed upon their labors. For the protection of God was there, in that change from the old log chapel to the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,—from the old brick school-house to the stately College edifice on whose dome stands the beautiful statue of our Lady, our Queen, our Mother and dear protectress. It was a subject of gratitude to God, of confidence in His Mother, but not of self-glorification or of pride in the instruments whom God made use of to accomplish what He wished to be done. On the contrary, they should examine themselves humbly and sincerely to see whether their want of zeal, of diligence, of corresponding to graces received, had not been a hindrance to His work.

The Rev. Father concluded by saying that renewed zeal in performing their duties and sincere thankfulness to God were the means to draw continual blessing upon Notre Dame. For the words of the Royal Psalmist always hold good: "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

Very Rev. Father Provincial then blessed the Cross, and the ceremony ended by the singing of that majestic hymn *Vexilla Regis*, or rather of the two last strophes—*O crux ave, spes unica*. On looking around upon the many members of the Community there present—more than one hundred—there could be seen only four Brothers and one old student—now a priest of the Community—who had heard Mass in the old log chapel; and one priest—Father Granger himself—who had said Mass in it. The Brothers are old and venerable—Brother Vincent, Francis Xavier, Benoit and Michael. It is true that two other Brothers who were present many times at Mass in the log chapel are still living—Brother John the Evangelist and Brother Auguste, but they were prevented, one by his infirmities, the other by his duties, from being present. In 1847, Archbishop, then Bishop, Purcell administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the log chapel to several of the Catholic students, and to members of the surrounding congregation. The eloquent sermon he preached on that occasion is still remembered by those who had the pleasure of

hearing him, especially by the old student, now a priest of Holy Cross, who was one of those who received Confirmation from his hands on that day.

The log chapel was abandoned when the brick church was finished, and it was destroyed by fire in the year 1856.

An Amendment.

Enthusiastic—if enthusiasm can be mentioned in connection with the game—enthusiastic players of Croquet have promptly protested against applying the epithet "somnolent" to that usually peaceful and pathetic pastime. We applied it to the game, not so much from experience as from casual observations of several games that we have seen somewhere as we passed by. There were generally six young ladies, each with a mallet in her hands. Five of them were languidly leaning on their mallets,—in graceful pose 'tis true, but with the utter *nonchalance* of young ladies who had nothing to live for in this world; while the sixth softly and silently sauntered after a ball which she struck,—sweetly and soothingly, as it were,—with her little mallet, and then cried out "O my!" when the ball didn't go through the arch. We could never discover to what particular one of her possessions the young lady referred when using the objurgatory exclamation "O my!" It may have been a contraction of "O my eye!" as referring to her inaccuracy of aim. But as that expression is open to the objection of being used by others whose style of education differs from the young ladies', we offer the explanation "with all reserve." This bird's eye view of the game, and several attempts of our own to play it, were the grounds upon which we predicated that Croquet was somnolent.

Now, however, after going through one game with some splendid players who got wide awake and opened their eyes at that adjective, and who kept croqueting our ball all over the yard, giving it tremendous and appalling hard knocks, figuratively given to its owner, and sending him careering through the croquet grounds like the untamed onager scampering over the plains of Mesopotamia, we propose an amendment, viz., for *somnolent* write *somnifugous*.

A Good Chance.

Catholic young men whose limited means prevent them from obtaining an education are offered a good chance. To such as are accustomed to or are able to do, farm work, five months schooling will be given for five months of work. They may enter at any time and arrange with the President. However, as too many may apply, applicants must write to the President before coming, and state particulars about themselves, and receive a favorable answer before presenting themselves in person.

We had the pleasure of seeing some very fine specimens of photography from the studio of E. L. Brandt & Co., Chicago, Ills. We would recommend this photographic establishment to any one desiring a perfect picture of himself or herself. There are always some slight additional embellishments, which when added to a picture render it more acceptable. None understand better the art of beautifying a picture than Brandt & Co. Any visitor from Notre Dame is sure of meeting with a hearty welcome from C. E. Hughes, Esq., a worthy member of the firm.

St. Mary's Academy.

We presume the excitement occasioned by the simultaneous arrival of so many young ladies from their homes, and of Mother Angela from Europe, has prevented our faithful correspondent from sending the usual letter from St. Mary's. We hear that the Academy is rapidly filling up, and that Mother Angela arrived from Europe with some thirty young ladies for St. Mary's.

The First Grand Northern Indiana Fair.

Our thanks are due and are hereby given to the active Secretary of the St. Joseph County Agricultural Society, Mr. E. R. Farnam, for 'complimentary' and for copies of Premium List. The Fair will be held the 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, and 26th, of this month, and the liberal premiums added to the enterprise of our Northern Indians are sufficient grounds to anticipate a big gathering and fine display.

Cincinnati Industrial Exposition.

We have received copies of the rules and premium list of the Fourth Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, issued in a style in keeping with the character of the Exposition itself. The Exposition was opened to the public on Wednesday, September 3, and will continue until Saturday, October 4, 1873.

The halls and grounds will be open for the reception of articles from Monday, August 4, to Saturday, August 30. All articles will be entered for exhibition only, except those specifically named in the published list of articles, to which premiums will be awarded.

The premium list for everything except the horticultural department comprises gold, silver, and bronze medals. There are about twenty gold medals offered, and a much larger number of silver and bronze. No premiums are offered in the fine art department by request.

Taking the volumes before us into consideration, and consulting our recollection, and referring some matters to the imagination, we feel authorized to say that people who are fond of great Expositions may be well suited without making a sea voyage (recommended by family physicians only to wealthy patients), and that those who will be unable to visit Vienna may rationally be consoled at Cincinnati.

THANKS to Prof. Tong for invitation to the wedding. The ceremony will take place at St. Mary's Church, Lafayette, Ind., September 8, at 7½ p. m., and the wedding feast will be spread at the residence of Mr. James Ball, the father of the bride.

Now doth the hum of voices fall gently on the ear, and the exquisite tints of the neckties gracefully flowing before the paper collar, ah! gladden the eye, as the crunching of the gravelly road announces the arrival of "Students" intent on doing a fearful amount of brain-work the coming session.

WE extend a hearty welcome and give a cordial greeting to the students of Notre Dame. Many of the old boys have returned promptly, and many new faces enliven the yard. The new comers, like the old students are, apparently, well-bred young gentlemen, who will do honor to themselves and to the College the coming year.

Our friend Oscar remarked as we stood at the front door, and vehicle after vehicle drove up filled with passengers for the College, that he considered it scandalous the way students are treated in these degenerate days; they had to ride upon the rail as far as South Bend, and all who escaped being 'bussed by Mr. Shickey were ruthlessly hacked by Messrs Porter, Ireland, *et al.* We scalped him immediately, and his heart is gushing with gratitude at our letting him off so clemently.

WE have heard nothing from St. Lawrence or Memramcook this vacation. We presume the weather is so fine in those hyperborean regions in summer time that our friends have more pleasant occupation than writing for the SCHOLASTIC. It is our well-grounded hope, however, that this year they will favor us, as they kindly did last, with news of themselves, for we take a lively interest in them.

Do not study too hard. Brain-work, it is said, is very wearing, and it will not do to wear away too fast; what brains you have should be dealt with prudently. We give this advice to those who have not much brain to wear away, and who have to be economical with the little they have. For those who have the average amount there is no dangerous result to be apprehended from any amount of brain work they may do, if they season it at the proper time with out-door exercise.

ONE of our respectable and respected exchanges takes us up for implying that there is not peace in France at present, whereas according to it France has been enjoying peace for some time, and the only fear is that the Catholics may destroy it by a *coup d'état*. It was precisely of this unsettled state of France that we were thinking when we wrote *peace*, for though we knew the Germans had returned to their country, taking a large slice of France along with them, and that the good Communards who amused themselves killing priests and clericals generally, had been obliged to stop their little game, and that even a sort of government which can call itself neither a republic nor a monarchy was established, we considered that condition of affairs a truce, liable to be broken at any moment, and not a peace. If the Catholics in France, who constitute nineteen-twentieths of the population, do make a *coup d'état*, it will be to establish a permanent peace and to protect a Catholic people against a handful of *petroleurs* and *petroleuses* whom no republic in France has been yet able to resist.

WE have gently insinuated and broadly hinted, and, in fact, plainly announced in unmistakable terms, to B. A. that it would add to the happiness of our earthly existence to have the names of visitors; but with an utter disregard for our aspirations after better things and totally oblivious of the Big Book on which the names could be registered without disturbing his equanimity, he pitilessly refuses to contribute to our felicity, eternally turns a deaf ear to our supplications, and the consequence is we are not happy. At least we are not enjoying that unalloyed state of true serenity which the possession of an easy pair of old boots could not fail to bring us, if B. A. would only be propitious and provide us with the names of visitors.

THE *Univers* announces that Mr. Darwin was rejected by twenty-six against six votes as corresponding Member of the French Academy of Science. The six votes were given to him by "friends of the Apes."

Book Notices.

OUT OF SWEET SOLITUDE. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The book of poems by Miss Donnelly entitled "Out of Sweet Solitude" is dedicated to Rt. Rev. James F. Wood, Bishop of Philadelphia, whose well-known literary merits are a guarantee that we should have a feast on opening the pages of the volume. And the guarantee holds good. We cannot too highly congratulate Miss Donnelly on the appearance of her poems. The book is an addition to our Catholic American literature which, much needed, could not have been made by a worthier pen. From the Vision of the Monk Gabriel, which opens the book, and the "Sacred Legends," of which there are eight, through the "Poems of the War" which constitute the second part of the work, to the beautiful tribute *In Memoriam* of the saintly priest of God, Rev. Felix Joseph Barbelin, that terminates the "Miscellaneous" poems, the reader will be charmed by the deeply Catholic spirit which is the groundwork of, while it gives true poetic elevation to, everything that comes from the pen of Miss Donnelly. And though there are degrees of merit in the poems, and each reader will select his favorite ones, there is not one that is not fully worthy of the high reputation as a poet that Miss Donnelly is held in by the many who have had the pleasure of reading her poetry.

A COURSE OF PHILOSOPHY, EMBRACING LOGIC, METAPHYSICS AND ETHICS. By Rev. A. Louage, C. S. C., Professor in the University of Notre Dame. Kelly, Piet and Co., Baltimore.

This excellent work of Rev. Father Louage, deserves a more extended notice than we can give it now. It is intended as a text-book, and we think the author has succeeded in producing what he had in view,—that is, a class-book that "is concise without being obscure . . . and above all, exact."

A HISTORY OF GREEK AND ROMAN CLASSICAL LITERATURE. By Rev. A. Louage, C. S. C., Prof. of Ancient Classical Literature at Notre Dame University, Ind. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This neat vol. of 220 pages is designed as a manual to guide the student in his labors and researches in the field of Ancient Literature. It embraces the entire subject and gives enough of the details to afford the student a clear insight into this important branch of a college education. Without claiming to be exhaustive, it furnishes in a concise form all that is really important for the student to know during his College course, and, by its exactness and its conformity with the most reliable authorities on the subject, is eminently calculated to prepare the student for a profitable study of more extensive works afterwards. Father Louage deserves the gratitude of both students, and teachers for the excellent book which his learning and industry has produced.

M. TULLII CICERONIS DE OFFICIIS LIBRI TRES. With Explanatory Notes. By E. P. Crowell, A. M., Moore Professor of Latin in Amherst College. Eldridge and Brother, Philadelphia.

This is one of the Chase and Stuart Classical Series, which deserves high praise for the fine manner it is gotten up; good paper, strong and serviceable binding, clear, clean print, are important accessories, while exactness of text an

copious notes render it one of the best series of classical works.

TABLES OF LATIN SUFFIXES AND A LIST OF PREFIXES. With Illustrative Examples. Prepared by Amos N. Currier, Prof. of Latin in Iowa University. Eldridge and Brother, Phila.

Prof. Currier has given in some twenty-five pages tables and lists that will prove very serviceable to beginners in Latin.

MY LOVED ONE, MY OWN. Music, Leslie.

A good song for tenor voice, sent us by D. P. Faulds, of Louisville, Ky., who, we see from his price list, has any amount of pianos, organs, and brass instruments to play good music upon.

The Department of the Physical Sciences.

The Laboratory will be greatly enlarged and improved the following term by the addition of a large number of Chemical and Philosophical instruments of the finest workmanship—just ordered from Paris. In the branches of Mechanics, Pneumatics, Acoustics, Optics, Static and Dynamic Electricity, etc., the student of the Physical Sciences will have instruments to make all the experiments necessary to illustrate all the leading laws and principles of those interesting subjects. In the department of Chemistry, also, he will find a complete apparatus of instruments and chemicals necessary to render a study—usually considered dry and difficult—easy and attractive.

During the ensuing term the students of these classes will give public exhibitions.

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

has been, during the past year, augmented by the reception of a large number of valuable works—upwards of 1,500 volumes.

THE MUSEUM

also has been increased by donations from many of our friends. We will, at a future day, take pleasure in mentioning the objects donated and the names of the generous donors.

J. C. C.

Psyche.

"Which I rise to explain."

REV. EDITOR:—I have heard such a number and variety of explanations of my little effort entitled *Psyché*, not one of which is correct, that I feel called upon, first, to apologize to the public for offering them a poem of such obscurity that no one appears to understand it; and secondly, to state briefly what *my* idea was when I wrote it.

Psyché is nothing more nor less than ambitious, candid, unsophisticated youth, personified. In describing her career, I endeavored to picture, first, the glowing anticipations which fill the brain of every youth who possesses a soul even one degree larger than the small end of nothing. Secondly, I wished to show the unexpected manner in which these bright prospects are brought to naught, and the source whence come the chief obstacles to their attainment. Thirdly, I essayed to present the effect of life's experience upon one who in spite of these obstacles succeeded in attaining the object aimed at—fame. If any one will take the trouble to read the poem in the light of this explanation he will find, if he himself has had any experience in life worth mentioning, that *Psyché*, however defective

as a literary effort, gives a correct picture of life's reality.

Inimici hominis domestici ejus, is as true in the ordinary affairs of life as in the higher order. What man of ability that has failed in a well-laid plan that cannot trace his failure to some pretended friend, who smiled and fawned upon him while using his confidence to frustrate his hopes and paralyze his efforts? What man that has had occasion to depend on his friends, and thus has had an opportunity to test their real value, that has not learned by experience what a rare thing a true, devoted, and disinterested friend is? And what man that has succeeded in winning the object of his ambition, that would not, if he still continue to be candid in his nature and high-toned in his principles, exchange the gilded bauble of fame which he has won, for the peace of mind and confiding trust in his fellow-men which once made life appear so bright and cheering, but which later experience destroyed, and presented life to his wondering gaze as a mere contest between men in the art of deception? This is what I sought to express in my perhaps lumbering rhymes, and I only regret that I succeeded so poorly as to have my poor poem a stumbling-block of so great magnitude to my critics. With this explanation I leave *Psyché* to be reread by anyone who may think it worth the trouble, and close with a quotation from a well-known poet, taking the liberty to vary the expression slightly:

"I have tried to explain
And my language is plain
But for plots that are dark
And for tricks—worse than vain,
Some critics are mighty peculiar."

I am, Mr. Editor, yours truly,

M. B. BROWN.

Further Details of the Cruise.

Crew of the Nina.—Rev. Frs. Lemonnier and Carrier, Rev. Mr. Zahm, and C. Berdel.

Crew of the Pinta.—Messrs. Torbet, Mooney, Villeneuve, Flannigan, Stace, Mahoney, and Collins.

Crew of the Santa Maria.—Br. Emmanuel, Rev. Mr. O'Connell, Messrs. O'Mahony, Allen, Plummer, Graves and Keeley.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LOG BOOK OF THE PINTA.

10 A. M.—The fleet embarked. A genial shower of rain enlivened their progress and contributed much to the general hilarity that prevailed.

10.30 A. M.—The fleet came to anchor on the right bank—wind fair. A sparkling spring opened up by the removal of a cork. The crews refreshed. Another shower of rain. The Santa Maria gets under the shelter of umbrageous water-maples and escapes a wetting. Other crews drenched.

10.45 A. M.—The fleet passes the estuary of Cottin's Creek, and shortly after takes an observation of Cider's Mill. Wind gusty and inclined to squalls.

11.10 A. M.—A landing effected of the three crews on the right bank. Sea serpent observed off the lee scuppers of the Pinta. *Fête champêtre*.

11.10 A. M.—Juvenile barbarian observed fishing on the left bank. On being hailed, became sassy; we finally gleaned from him the information that we had been in Michigan for several minutes.

11.51½ A. M.—The fleet passed beneath the bridge at Bertrand.

12.15 P. M.—The Santa Maria is discovered to have lost her rudder. Distress of the crew. It is found again on board the Pinta—supposed to have been conveyed thither by the hands of spirits. An empty bottle picked up floating around on the raging billows. Supposed to have contained documents deposited by some marines in the expectation of shipwreck. No such documents found, however. Refreshments.

12.20 P. M.—The crews effect a landing at a spring on the left bank, and partake of the waters thereof.

12.30 P. M.—The crew of the Nina put to shore, and land on the left bank without any visible object. The other crews following, it is discovered that the attraction lay in the romantic beauty of the surrounding scenery.

12.45 P. M. Several members of the crew of the Santa Maria are discovered to have partaken of a noxious herb known to botanists as the "Indian turnip". A gloom pervaded the fleet thereat.

1.25 P. M.—After another shower of rain, the fleet arrived at the race gates above the dam, and there effected a landing.

2. P. M.—At this hour the vessels were all safely conveyed over the dam and launched in the troubled waters below. The gallant fleet then swept through the city of Niles without opposition, the banks of the river resounding with the cheers of the emancipated populace.

2.25 P. M.—A final landing, near the R. R. bridge was now effected, and the cruise might be said to be at an end.

4 P. M.—At this hour the last of the three vessels was conveyed ignominiously to the cars, which were to transport both fleet and crews back to the College.

5.05 P. M.—The cars aforesaid left Niles;

5.30 P. M.—and arrived at the Academy.

HERE ENDETH THE LOG.

The Societies.

THE ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN ASSOCIATION.

The closing meeting of this Association for the year of '72-'73, was held on Tuesday evening June 24th. There was a full attendance of the members, with a rather numerous attendance of old ones. Mutual congratulations were indulged in by both, and were scarcely over when Rev. A. Lemonnier, attended by Rev. Father P. W. Cusack, Vice-President of the Seminary of Mount St. Mary's of the West, Cincinnati, O., entered the room. After a recitation by Master O. Waterman,—which by the way astonished the old members by the excellent manner in which it was rendered,—Master L. Hibben, O. Waterman and J. Stubbs took the floor and presented to Prof. J. Edwards a magnificent gold badge of the Association; as an acknowledgment, of the many kindnesses he had shown to them. Rev. F. Lemonnier spoke then concerning the play, and introduced Rev. Father P. W. Cusack to the members, who spoke to them some time in a happy manner and concluded by congratulating the Society upon their fine appearance and talents. After a few remarks by Prof. J. A. Lyons A. M., President of the Society, the meeting adjourned.

THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY CLUB.

The closing meeting of this Society took place Tuesday afternoon, June 24th., Rev. Father Lemonnier presiding. Farewell speeches were made by Messrs. McAlister and

others, after which the Rev. Director congratulated the members on their progress, saying that they exhibited more spirit than any other association in the University. When he retired, the members of the Association voted him a beautiful gold badge of the Association, and one also to Prof. A. J. Stace, in return for their kindness towards them. After which they adjourned *sine die*.

THE ST. STANISLAUS PHILOPATRIAN ASSOCIATION held their closing meeting Wednesday morning, 25th inst. Closing speeches, etc., made up the programme; after which remarks were made by the President and the meeting adjourned.

Valedictory.—1872-73.

MARK M. S. FOOTE.

Right Rev. Bishop, Rev. Fathers,
Ladies and Gentlemen:

Another year full of important events, a year interspersed with those varied joys of peace, of play, of toil, that always characterize the college home, has passed onward in its course. Another annual gem, as it were, now glitters in the diadem of our Alma Mater. Another harvest of wisdom and truth,—rich and fruitful to all, it is to be hoped,—implanted by the energetic labors of faithful professors and instructors, has been gathered in by the students. Another occasion has been presented to you, kind friends, of visiting the scenes of our college home, and mingling together in mutual greeting and congratulation. Some, indeed, who but a few years since left this cherished place crowned with the laurels of their Alma Mater, return to-day, to greet the friends of bygone days, and to retrace the peaceful joys of their youth and the happy scenes they loved so well. Others again, fond parents of their offspring dear, who for a brief time past have intrusted them to the care and training of this noble and illustrious institution, assemble to-day to witness their progress, and to encourage them in the great task of educating their minds and fitting themselves for their future station in life. And with unfeigned gladness do we greet you, parents and friends: a hearty welcome extend to all who so kindly come to visit us, and participate in these our annual closing exercises. But scarce have the words of greeting and welcome died away upon our lips, ere we are called upon to separate. All wait but for the word "Farewell" to be pronounced, and fond Notre Dame will be bereft of the happy hearts who for ten months past have been her life and cheer; all dispersed to their different homes to meet the loving friends from whom they have been so long separated; to partake again of the peaceful joys of home, and to gain by a short relaxation from the close confinement of college life, strength and vigor, to renew for another year with redoubled energy their arduous but pleasant labors. Yes, we read depicted in glowing colors upon the beaming countenance of the student to-day the happy thoughts that now occupy his mind. Every feature of his gladsome face portrays the anticipation of a mother's fond embrace or father's approving smile; and every sparkle of his radiant eye betokens the expectation, aye, almost the foretaste, of the joys that await him. The grave Senior looks forward to a vacation of quiet rest and peace, in which he may again share the blessings of the family circle and enjoy a brief

respite from his toils and care. Gay thoughts of coming fun and joyful times fill the minds of the cheerful Juniors, while the loud and joyous shouts of our little Minims admonish us to put away our books and thrust dull care aside, for playtime now is here. But pause, kind friends; pause but a moment, and take a second view of the student about to leave his Alma Mater. Scan well the expressions of his face, and see if at times they are not tinged with a shade of sadness! and see if that joyous sparkle of his eye is not dimmed with regret at the thought of leaving this pleasant home and the friends in whose company he has enjoyed so many happy days? Oh yes, dear friends! sadness and joy go hand in hand, visiting the hearts of all the students. Despite the inviting joys and fond endearments of home that stand beckoning him on, the student stops and casts one lingering look of sadness upon the happy scenes he is soon to leave behind him. And when we consider the bonds of affection and the ties of brotherly love that unite the students together in one family, as it were, is it not natural that their hearts should be saddened when they realize that these are now to be severed?

Well may we say with the poet:

"That thus it is when years roll by,
And faded hopes compel the sigh;
The pleasant scenes of boyhood's years,
Will make you smile amid your tears;
And oh! where memory plucks the flowers,
And seeks the brightest youthful bowers,
She ne'er will find a dearer place,
Or on her tablets fondly trace
Old paths more loved than wind around
This dear familiar college ground.
Ah no! while years will onward roll,
Fast here must cling the willing soul
And feast on memory's untold joys,
Among those dear old college boys."

But if this is the feeling that pervades the generality of the students to-day, and if the unbidden tear will start to the eye of him whose separation is but for a brief period and who will with the cheery autumn return to take his place amid the studious throng within these classic walls, what, fellow-graduates, must be the feelings and emotions that come welling up from the fountains of our hearts when we realize that what they are to lose but for a short time we are to lose forever? When we reflect that the joys and pleasures, comforts and blessings of college life, forming as it were one grand halo of happiness encircling our lives, are fast fading away in the distance, never more to be enjoyed by us, except in the delights of memory; can it be a source of astonishment if sadness should overcome our joy and hold dominion over us to-day? No indeed. The sacred relation that exists between us and our Alma Mater, the circumstances in which we are placed to-day, the love and reverence that is held by us towards this institution, the watchful and tender care she has ever manifested in our intellectual and spiritual education; all, all are a sufficient reason why we should linger with sorrow and regret as we are forced to bid adieu. And as we take a retrospective glance at our life at Notre Dame, and the many endearments that bind us to this place in mutual love and affection, are we not impressed with the priceless value of the blessings we are about to lose? For many years we have toiled, plodding our weary way, through the long and intricate paths of science, struggling to master the various subjects presented to us. How many little pains and troubles have we been

obliged to undergo in order that we might reach the happy end we had in view! How often have we spent with untiring application the livelong day in constant work and toil, and found at night for our reward an aching head, a tired mind, naught but discouragement and gloom around us; and then with what unbounded confidence we sought the consolation and assistance of our noble-hearted professors, and with what self-sacrificing devotion have they not assisted us in all our difficulties, counselled us in our sorrows, and encouraged us to continue in our noble work? Thus animated and cheered on, we went forth to meet our comrades on the pleasant recreation-grounds, forgetting for awhile our cares and troubles, enjoyed the pleasure of their intercourse and then resumed with renewed zeal our college labors and duties.

Thus, fellow-classmates, in this our happy home, this sacred spot of learning and virtue, wisdom and truth—under the protection of kind and devoted Fathers, generous and learned Professors, faithful guardians of our youthful footsteps; surrounded by affectionate companions sharing our pleasures and pains—have we pursued and completed our collegiate course. We have finally reached that happy goal towards which for four long years our most energetic labors and efforts have been directed. We at last realize the object of our brightest anticipations; that happy day when we could gather round our fond Mother and receive her last and choicest blessing, the honorable testimonial of the many gifts and treasures she has bestowed upon us during our sojourn here. But what is the end that we have attained? is this the last and only crown of success for which we are to strive? Does our Alma Mater promise us to-day a lifetime of thoughtless ease and comfort, many years of worldly enjoyment and pleasure? Does the parchment which we will hold in our hands tell us that our labors and trials are ended? and that there is nothing more in the pursuit of which we must experience troubles and toils? No indeed! Far from it. It but testifies to our preparation for greater labors, for the endurance of severer trials and troubles. Our Alma Mater takes us by the hand, and after bestowing upon us her last and farewell blessing, sends us forth to fight and conquer in a greater battle, the grand battle of life; she points out to us a nobler crown for which we are to strive and win—the crown that will ever await the faithful steward, the virtuous citizen, the sincere Christian. The life of man indeed seems to have been designed by God from the beginning as one continuation of labor. God's justice, enraged at the base ingratitude and audacity of our first parents, seems to have inflicted this as the just punishment of man's first disobedience; but His infinite mercy here interposed her gracious hand and rendered it his greatest source of pleasure. Since then to labor has been man's lot, to lead a wearied existence, toiling and struggling for a reward which he receives only when he shall cast off this existence and enter into a brighter world. No rest he finds upon this earth, no respite frees him from his ceaseless toil until he reaches that eternity of rest that waits beyond the grave; and yet, fellow-classmates, although we look forward to-day and realize this as our future, we cannot lament it as an unhappy fate, we cannot murmur at our lot. When we consider the grandeur of the crown that awaits us in the next world, can we complain that we must work and labor for it here? and even speaking of it as regards this life here below, all man's pleasures, joys and comforts lie in his

labors, all the riches and treasures he possesses are obtained by labor. The poet says:

"From labor, health; from health contentment springs."

Aye, and how true are his words. Look at the industrious husbandman, toiling day after day, earning a plain but honest living. What a picture of health his noble form presents! What happiness attends him on every side! In cheerful labor he spends each day, and gratefully receives what Heaven has sent him. Yes, and herein lies the greatest blessing, the greatest joy that man can experience on this earth: peace and contentment in whatever sphere of life he may be called to fill. Thus we see, fellow-classmates, that we must always work. Some all important study will ever be at hand for us to muster. 'Tis said that

"All mankind are students; how to live

And how to die forms the great lesson still."

How briefly does that little sentence announce to us our duties as men! How concisely does it tell us what we are to do and what we are to accomplish in the world we are about to enter! Let us then be up and doing. Let us enter upon this task courageously and with all zeal. Let us dive immediately into its mysteries, solve each problem as we go along, leaving nothing unattended to, labor hard and industriously, and finally master this grand task. Then can we rightly say our labors are finished. Then indeed can we feel that all our cares and troubles are o'er; and then will we be prepared to receive that everlasting rest, the reward of all that labor faithfully and diligently. But to-day a new world as it were is opened unto us, a new field of labor for us to enter into, and we are forced to leave this lovely place that for a long time past has been a dear and happy home to us. There remains but one last duty for us to perform—sad, yet pleasant: to pay the last fond tribute to our Alma Mater and say farewell, and we may say our college career is ended. What, then, shall we say? I ask what would be the last and affectionate words of a loving son about to be separated from a kind and indulgent mother. What *can* we say to the noble institution that has for years watched, labored and prayed with incessant toil not only over the education of our minds but also of our souls? What words would be a token of gratitude to this revered Alma Mater to whom we owe all that we are? We might speak to you of it, kind friends, in terms of highest praise. We might enumerate to you to-day the many advantages the student here enjoys of obtaining a bountiful and an accomplished education. We might expatiate upon the superiority it maintains in point of health and strict moral discipline over many, yes most, of the colleges of the land. We might speak of the uninterrupted success that has attended it from its very foundation. Nurtured and sustained by no State endowments, supported by no public gifts, it stands to-day the gift of Faith, the work of true Christian energy and zeal; assisted only by the approving smile and blessings of Heaven—the just recompense of that strong confidence and faith in God that was ever manifested in its erection. We might tell you of the many noble alumni it has sent forth, now gracing some of the most honorable positions in the land. But is it necessary? No: decidedly no. You have but to look around you to believe. And as for us, fellow-classmates, we who have so long enjoyed them are well acquainted with its merits as an institution of learning, and any expression of praise and eulogy would be entirely superfluous on our part. Let our hearts speak our gratitude and

our future lives tell the praises of the institution that has trained and fitted us for our future life. But as we look around us to-day we become aware of another circumstance that saddens this otherwise happy occasion. We miss among this happy throng the mild and loving face of the venerable founder of our institution, the friend and parent of all the students; we would mingle our most profound regret with the general feeling that doubtless pervades this assembly at his absence. We, the Class of '73, would send to him the grateful remembrance and filial affection of those who will ever be proud to remember their connection with him, and we would bid him, on this spot consecrated by associations which will ever bring him to our remembrance, an affectionate farewell. We pray that the old age of Father Sorin may be serene and cheerful as his manhood has been useful. The conscience of a faithful servant of God, and the love of all connected with him, are his reward upon this earth—his reward hereafter—that imperishable crown which is obtainable only by those who know the right, and knowing dare pursue. But now, fellow-classmates, the busy scenes of life stand waiting for us. Time bids us on, and with it our duty to take our position in society. Let us be brave then as we enter the battlefield of life. Let us fight the good fight valiantly, firm to the principles of virtue and morality which have been impressed upon us by our Alma Mater, remembering always that her honor and her fame are to be established and sustained by those whom she sends forth: and finally, since we are so obliged, say to her farewell. And what can we say to her noble leader and director, our kind and self-sacrificing Father Granger, who has given up his noble life to instil into our hearts, and the hearts of those who have been before us and who come after us, those lessons of virtue and piety that are to assist us in our after-lives; our beloved and noble-hearted president, Father Lemonnier, who watches with a parent's care the true interests of the students; and his noble assistant, our kind and indulgent Father Brown, who has endeared himself to all the students by his energetic and untiring efforts in their welfare. And last, though not least in the hearts of all the students, our much esteemed prefect of discipline, Rev. Father Condon, in whom we recognize a true and devoted friend.

Ah! the feelings of sincere gratitude, the feelings of pure love, and feelings of sadness at our separation, all fill our hearts too rapidly for utterance. Words would be inadequate, unfit to express them. We can but say, Rev. and dear fathers, as also to you, generous-hearted Professors and to all under whose charge we have been—farewell, and may the illustrious institution over which you preside remain for years and years as it is now, the pride of its country and an ornament to the Holy Religion it represents.

And to you, fellow-classmates, the same sad words must be expressed. For many years we have been united together in the bonds of love and affection. Oh, the many little acts of kindness that I received at your hands, and the many happy days spent in your company, all rise up before my eyes at this moment in sweet remembrance, the more to add regret and sorrow at our separation; but our duties call us, and the sad word must be pronounced although I read depicted upon the face of each of you the same sad feelings that fill my heart as I am forced to say farewell. And finally, I would bid to all, although the word still lingers on my lips, one last and affectionate farewell.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

AUTUMN ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows

GOING EAST.			
Leave South Bend	10 30 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo	4.05 a. m.
" "	12 25 p. m.	" "	4 05 a. m.
" "	9.15 p. m.	" "	1 35 p. m.
" "	12 35 a. m.	" "	5 30 p. m.
" "	8.20 p. m.	Runs to Elkhart.	
" "	4.35 p. m.		
GOING WEST.			
Leave South Bend	4 53 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago	8 20 p. m.
" "	2 55 a. m.	" "	6.50 a. m.
" "	5 00 a. m.	" "	8.20 a. m.
" "	6 05 p. m.	" "	9.40 p. m.
" "	6.37 a. m.	" "	10.30 a. m.
" "	8.20 a. m.	" "	12.30 p. m.

Making connection with all trains West and North.

For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes aster than South Bend time.

J. H. DEVEREUX, General Manager, Cleveland, Ohio.

CHARLES PAINE, General Superintendent, Cleveland

F. E. MORSE, General Western Passenger Agent.

J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.

J. S. NELLIS, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

J. M. TOLCHARD, Freight Agent, South Bend.

NEW ALBANY CROSSING.

To Lafayette and Louisville.

GOING NORTH—Express passenger, 6.09 p. m.; 8.58 a. m.; 5.29 a. m.
Freights, 6.30 a. m.; 8.06 p. m.
GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 8.58 a. m.; 10.46 a. m.; 9.25 p. m.
Freights, 1.00 a. m.; 4.48 a. m. H. N. CANIFF, Agent.

CHICAGO ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE

TRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line	*9:15 a.m.	*8:00 p.m.
Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:15 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*9:15 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Joliet Accommodation,	*4:10 p.m.	*9:40 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line,	*6:30 p.m.	*4:30 p.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	*9:00 p.m.	*7:15 a.m.
Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:00 p.m.	*7:15 a.m.
* Except Sunday. † On Sunday runs to Springfield only. ‡ Except Saturday. § Daily. § Except Monday.		
The only road running Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and a Saturday Night Train.		
Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.		
JAMES CHARLTON, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, CHICAGO.	J. C. McMULLIN, Gen'l Superintendent, CHICAGO.	

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York without Change.

1st train leaves Chicago	9.00 p. m.	Arrives at New York	11 30 a. m.*
2d train "	5.15 p. m.	" "	6 41 a. m.*
3rd train "	9.00 p. m.	" "	11.30 p. m.*

Connections at Crestline with trains North and South, and at Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.

J. M. C. CREIGHTON, Assistant Superintendent, Pittsburgh.

H. W. GWINNER, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Philadelphia.

F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't Pittsburgh.

W. C. CLELLAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

* Second day.

"The only solid joy is that which virtue brings."